

Jasper Courier

VOL. 52.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1909.

No. 3.

Strenuous Fatalism.

Old Abe Cruger lived in New England in the days of Indian warfare. He was a fatalist of a pronounced type. Nevertheless he would not venture forth without his blunderbuss. One day he had an important errand, but the blunderbuss, when he came to get it, was missing from the rack made of another where it always hung. Some one of his family had taken it. Abe sat down to wait till it was brought back.

"But, Abe, I thought you were a fatalist?" said a friend.

"So I am," the old man answered.

"Then why bother about your blunderbuss?" taunted the friend. "You are in no danger from the Indians, since you can't possibly die till your time comes."

"Yes," said the old man, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian and his time had come. It wouldn't do for me not to have my blunderbuss, would it?"

Disenchanted.

"Yes," she admitted, with a sad little sigh, "there was a time when I thought him the grandest man in the world—when I fancied that nothing could ever make me cease to love him."

"Well," her friend replied, "I suppose we are all doomed to these disenchanting experiences. We have only to become acquainted with a man to discover that he is not the god we had supposed him to be."

"But it wasn't becoming acquainted with him that destroyed my ideal. I am sure that I could still think him splendid if I had never seen him in riding breeches."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Grim Humor.



"I never do have any luck. Now a nagging toothache has begun just at the moment that I was going to take my life, and the nearest dentist lives at least three leagues from here."—Pele Miele

Taking No Chances.



Young Wife (who has cooked the dinner for the first time)—Whatever will my husband say when he sees that I have quite spoiled the joint? Come, Anna, we'll toss who shall take it in to him.—Flegende Blatter.

His Late Call.

Gemidine—Must you go?
Gerald—Yes, I make it a point never to be late for breakfast.
—New York Press.

The Poor Mother-in-law.

A Turkish paper tells this story: "Ibrahim Effendi, to whom things happened, did you perchance hear of the things? The effendi was crossing a river, bearing with him his mother-in-law and a bag of gold, his savings. Then rose the flood, which wrecked the vessel, and Ibrahim knew not at first which to save, the gold or his relative. Then, having taken counsel with himself, he thought Ibrahim and spoke: 'My dear will I save, for where can I get more gold? But Allah to me will give all the mothers-in-law that I need and perhaps more.' Then, having thus said, he thus did, and all the Turks said that he was wise."

PAID BACK.

A man at a hotel in a loud tone of voice called his friend back just as he was leaving the dining room and then whispered to him, "How far would you have got if I hadn't called you back?"

The other, straightening himself up, replied in a tone loud enough for all to hear: "No, sir; I won't lend you £5. I haven't got it on me, and if I had I wouldn't let you have it 'till you have paid me what you borrowed two months ago."

His friend will never call him back in a public dining room again. —London Express.

A Golf Rule.



"Keep your head still" is the first rule in golf, and Blinks means to do so. —Punch.

Going Too Far.

"Yes," sighed the suburban man, who had just moved in, "at the last place I had the prettiest little garden that ever bloomed until my neighbor's chickens scratched the roots up."

"And did you kick?" asked his new acquaintance.

"You bet! I got a big tomat that soon made mincemeat of his chickens."

"What then?"

"Why, the next I knew he had bought a ferocious bulldog to watch for my tomatoes."

"H'm! And did that end the trouble?"

"Oh, no! I borrowed a wolf from an animal trainer to kill the bulldog."

"War to the knife, eh? What was the next chapter in the bitter feud?"

"There was none. I heard that he was about to purchase a tiger to kill my wolf, and as I couldn't afford the price of an elephant to kill his tiger I thought it best to move."

The Vacation Season.



Wife—You run on in front, John, and get the tickets.

What's In a Name?



The Social Reformer—Is your mother at home, little girl?
The Little Girl—No-o-o. Mamma's gone to the office.

The Withered Daisy Chain.

"You will find it, mother darling—
Find my daisy chain, I mean—
On a tree both tall and stately,
Where the leaves grow thick and green."

"I was sitting, tired and weary,
Resting on its branches strong,
Tinking of the holy angles,
When I thought I heard a song."

"Then I knew it was a birdie
Singing of the springtime sweet,
With its buttercups and daisies
Growing round about our feet."

"And I said to the little birdie:
'Fly right up to the heaven's gate,
Ask to see the angels tender,
Tell them how many head does ache.'

"Tell them I am always weary,
Always tired and full of pain,
Tell them how I long to see them,
Then fly back to me again."

"Then the birdie flew to heaven,
Singing sweetly all the way,
Was it singing 'bout my message
That it might remember?—say."

"Then I stopped and gathered daisies,
Made a daisy chain so far,
And I found a tired daisy
That I had not seen before."

"For its little head was drooping,
And its slender stem was frail,
While it leaned against the grasses
With its tiny face so pale."

"Then I linked it with the others,
Saying softly all the time,
'Daisy, I am weary also,'
Did its head ache just like mine?"

"Suddenly I saw my birdie
Resting on a hawthorn sprig,
And I ran up close beside it—
'Bird, what did the angels say?"

"Did they say that they were sorry
I was tired and full of pain?
Will they take me home to heaven
Just to rest, then back again?"

"I must quickly come to mother,
I am all she has to love,
Till we go to meet dear father
Once again in heaven above."

"Then the birdie nodded to me,
Chirping softly all the while,
Till I thought I saw the angels
Hovering o'er me with a smile."

"So I knelt beside the daisies,
Prayed to God on high to hear—
'Let me say good-bye to mother,
Else she'd cry so hard, I fear.'"

"Then I hung my chain of daisies
On a tree so tall and high;
Birdie knows where I have put them—
Mother dear, you need not cry."

"Now good bye, sweet mother, darling,
God will take away your pain,
And I'll come to you right quickly
When I shall be well again."

"Mother dearest, do not cry so,
You will find my daisy chain;
You will keep it ever dearly
Till I come to you again."

O! how sadly Dottie's mother
Stands beside the open grave,
Resting underneath the roses
Where tall grasses over wave."

Cruel hands that pile the gravel
O'er that tender little form,
Know ye not that ye are covering
Mother's heart, all sore and torn?"

Lo! a tiny cross of marble
Stands beside the roses fair;
Strangers stop and read with pity—
"Mother's darling's resting here."

Mother wandered slow and sadly
O'er the meadows one bright day,
Looking for her darling's daisies
On that tree so far away."

"Oh! I cannot, cannot find it—
Little Dottie's daisy chain;
How I long to hold and keep it
Till I see my own again."

"Dottie you are now an angel,
Free from all your care and pain;
Come and show your weeping mother
Where to find your daisy chain."

Twitter, twitter, soft and lowly,
Comes from yonder hawthorn spray:
"Dottie's bird, O lead and show me—
I am sure you know the way."

Quick as lightning flew the spring bird
To a palm tree standing high,
In amongst the woodlands dewy,
And as if to guide the eye."

Stood upon a branch grown outward,
Ever singing soft and low,
Mother saw the chain of daisies
Soft swaying to and fro."

Ah! how quickly she has reached them,
Drawn them from the tree with care;
Lovely were those withered daisies—
Had not Dottie placed them there?"

Now the bird flies straight to heaven,
Singing o'er and o'er again,
Straight it flew to angel Dottie—
"Mother's found your daisy chain."

ADA A R LUDFORD.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

Polliteness to Servants and Even the Street Beggars.

From what we saw and from what happened to us I made up a page of Spanish etiquette. It is probably not correct, but I offer it as the result of our experiences. Other people may have had different impressions. If you are of the female sex never wear a short skirt, a sailor or English walking hat unless you are willing to have people stare at you and sometimes call after you. If you have red hair dye it or be prepared to be saluted as "Rubia." Never bow to a man unless he lifts his hat first. If you are a man you may dress as an Englishman, an operatic tenor or a chorus singer from Carmen without exciting remark. Never wear glasses. If you are blind take a dog on a string. When you sit down at the table or arise always bow and say, "Buenas." This is imperative. You may jostle people without apology, but never speak to any one without saying "your grace," be he noble, friend or beggar. "Will your grace do me the favor to bring me my coffee at 9 o'clock tomorrow?" would strike an American bellboy with dismay. But it is the literal translation of the Spanish request. Never tell a beggar to clear out, but say that you have left your purse at home and that you will remember him tomorrow or gently murmur that God will reward him, whereat he will smile, thank you and depart.

These same beggars, who spring up on every side, seem to have a code of etiquette we could not fathom. After two or three days there were a few who begged only from me, two or three others who begged from Jean. Evidently we were understood to be the patrons of certain beggars who out of a crowd of mendicants were the only ones to approach us who would take their dole with thanks or if we said "tomorrow" would smilingly back away at once.

A trip into Spain ought to mean more than sketches of life as we saw it in a single city. Yet it was our pleasure to linger on in Madrid, with the exception of three days spent in Toledo and the Escorial, for the whole of our two months' holiday, and to return direct to Paris without seeing any of the southern country, so beloved by other tourists. So can any one wonder that to us Spain means Madrid, the city of marvellous contrasts?—E. C. Allen in Outlook.

A Free Trip to Evansville and Return

EVERY BUSINESS DAY IN THE YEAR ON

ALL RAILROADS, STEAMBOATS AND TRACTION LINES

Come to Evansville to do your shopping. The metropolitan character of its stores, give you the advantage of selecting from much larger and more varied stocks than can be found in any city within such easy reach, and prices are lower than in any city in the country.

The members of The Retail Merchants' Rebate Association will pay your fare both ways, under the conditions specified below. Read the plan carefully and when you want merchandise that you cannot find in your home town come to Evansville.

TO GET YOUR FARE REFUNDED THROUGH THE ASSOCIATION BUY ONLY FROM MEMBERS WHOSE NAMES ARE LISTED BELOW.

MEMBERS

Ask every member to enter your purchase of any and all cash amounts.
Andres Co., Dry Goods, Millinery, Cloaks, etc.
E. K. Ashby Co.
Artes, Chas. F. Jewellery.
Bitterman Bros., Jewellery.
Blackman & Lunkenheimer, Queens-ware.
Barnett's Cheap Store, Ladies' Furnishings, Skirts, Cloaks.
Bomm, J. F. Drug Co., Drugs.
Bryant Piano Co., The N. W. Pianos.
De Jong's, Cloaks, Suits, Furs.
Evans, S. G. & Co., Dry Goods.
Fowler, Dick & Walker, Department Store—Millinery, Cloaks, etc.
French & Co., Wm. E. Carpets, etc.
Elmendorf Co., (Inc.) Carpets, etc.
Gross, N. & Son, Clothing.

THE PLAN

To customers coming a distance not exceeding 40 miles, the Association will refund fares both ways, provided the aggregate purchases amount to \$25.00 or over from one or any of its members.

The above rule applies also to customers coming a distance of more than 40 miles, in such instances the round trip fare for 40 miles will be refunded, the customers paying only the excess mileage.

If the amount of the purchases are less than \$25.00 and more than \$5.00, the round trip fare of one mile for each dollar's worth purchased will be refunded.

Ask for a Rebate Book from the first member of the Association from whom a purchase is made, have all purchases entered therein, and when through, your fare will be refunded at the office of the Association.

Each customer is entitled to one book only.

MEMBERS

Huh, The Men's Furnishings, Hats, etc.
Hughes, Wm. Millinery, Cloaks, etc.
Jordan & Leach, Furniture.
Joseph, Harry, Clothing Co., Clothing, Hats, Furnishings.
Kruckemeyer & Cohn, Jewellery.
Lahr, Bacon Co., Department Store—Dry Goods, Cloaks, etc.
Parker Shoe Co., Shoes.
R. & G. Furniture Co., Furniture.
Salm Bros., Ladies' Furnishings, Millinery.
Sampson, R. E. Men's Furnishings.
Schaeffer, H. J., Drugs.
Schultz Cloak House, Cloaks, Suits, Furs.
Schultz, J. H. Co., Shoes.
Smith & Butterfield, Books, Stationery, Pictures.
Strouse & Bros., Men's Furnishings, Clothing.
Walker Shoe Co., Shoes.

The Evansville Retail Merchants' Rebate Association